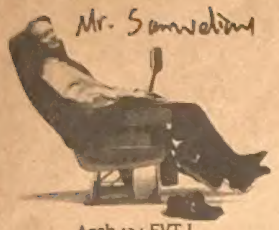
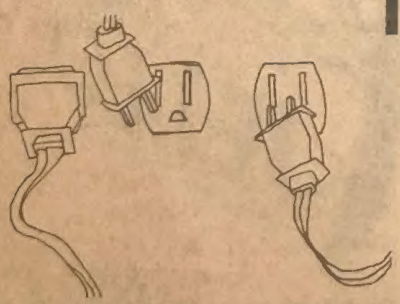
The Student Journal of The Cooper Union

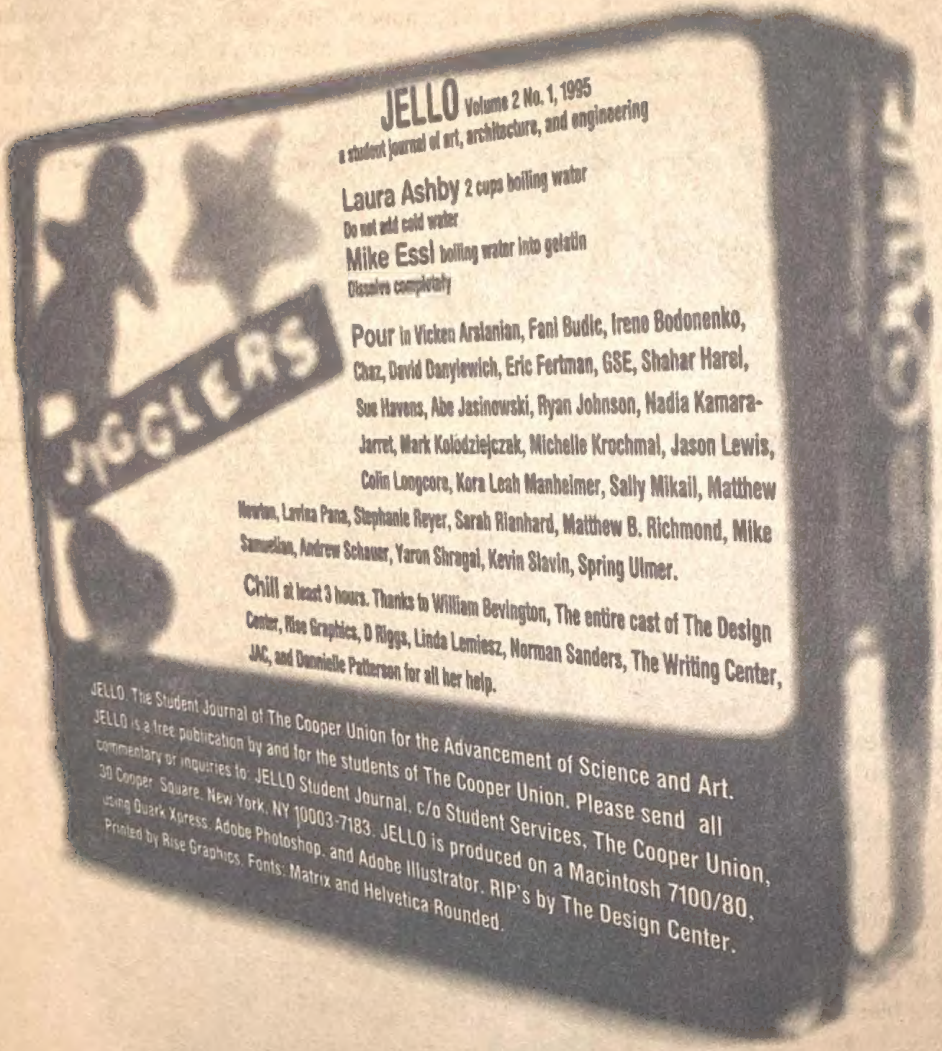


Arch 134 EVT I

Analysis of Movement
Cliff Bollmann

Plugs
Sarah Rianhard





JELLO Volume 2 No. 1, 1995
a student journal of art, architecture, and engineering

Laura Ashby 2 cups boiling water
Do not add cold water
Mike Essl boiling water into gelatin
Dissolve completely

Pour in Vicken Arslanian, Fani Budic, Irene Bodonenko, Chaz, David Danylewich, Eric Fertman, GSE, Shahar Harel, Sue Havens, Abe Jasinowski, Ryan Johnson, Nadia Kamara-Jarret, Mark Kolodziejczak, Michelle Krochmal, Jason Lewis, Colin Longcore, Kora Leah Manheimer, Sally Mikail, Matthew Newton, Lavina Pana, Stephanie Reyer, Sarah Rianhard, Matthew B. Richmond, Mike Samuelian, Andrew Schauer, Yaron Shragai, Kevin Slavin, Spring Ulmer.

Chill at least 3 hours. Thanks to William Bevington, The entire cast of The Design Center, Rise Graphics, D Riggs, Linda Lemiesz, Norman Sanders, The Writing Center, JAC, and Danielle Patterson for all her help.

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7 Paper Cup Variations

from the class of David Shapiro

Untitled

This cup is not plastic
It's white
The coffee shows through
Telling me it's not empty
Interesting - it stands alone
In the middle of the table
But has three friends
On the edge.
Interesting contrast with the white table it's on
Interesting contrast with the black board to its right.

Vicken Arslanian

Abe

Mechanical and electrical systems in building;

Muffled in
the Dialog
the things
that are
not said
but shown
Dripping
like
particles
locked
in touch
working
in and out
nice is all
I get.
Smoke clouds
the distance
that leaves
the gap. Swelling
past my thoughts
predicting my
every move.
Missing the
link that
makes me
me
Along the
trace, spread
along the
carpet, table;
new every
moment
done so soon.

nerdkin

I have these theories that the word "nerd" came from The Albert Nerken School of Engineering. It's logical isn't it? The students at The Albert Nerken School of Engineering exist because of "Nerken" so the students at The Albert Nerken School of Engineering are "Nerdkins." I believe that some extremely logical person shorted "nerdkins" to "nerds." Hence there was more time for the students of the Albert Nerken School of Engineering to spew out numbers. The students at the Albert Nerken School of Engineering had only to refer to one another as "nerds" rather than "nerdkins." The drop of a syllable saved the students at the Albert Nerken School of Engineering anywhere from 1/1056 of a second to 3/5 of a second. The student (or was it a professor) at the Albert Nerken School of Engineering who logically thought up "nerd" was subsequently hailed by its peers. One nerd gured that it could save 6 hours 27 minutes and 32.56 seconds a school term in referring to its peers as "nerd" rather than "Nerdkin."

When the Artists heard "nerd" they looked at one another and said : Neeerd?

When the Artists heard "nerd" they analyzed: N E R D

Over the years "nerd" spread. Statistically speaking approximately 1/267 of the world population is a "nerd."

measurements

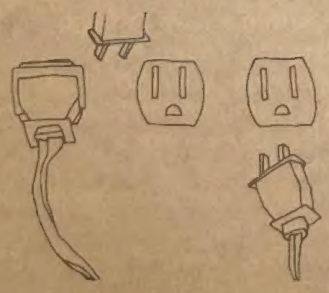
person

height	5'6"
length of head	7.5"
length of shoulder	15"
length of neck	4"
width of head	6.5"
width of shoulder	3"

vacuum cleaner:

diameter of fan	5.25"
height of fan	2.5"
width of black plastic	.5"
engine	3"
front end of plastic to the end of vacuum front	3.375"
length of black plastic	.5"
diameter of engine	2.25"
diameter of black cylinder	1.135"

vacuum comes to waist of operator, head is bent forward



nerdkin
Michelle Krochmal
measurements
Michelle Krochmal

Muffled...
GSE

untitled
Jason Lewis

I Love Noodles
Colin Longcore

I Love Noodles

I love noodles. I love noodles.

From the atom
at the tip of the blue flame
flys the bubble
through the iron
to the water
and it shatters.
This brick is ready.

I love noodles. I love noodles.

Beautiful belly bowl,
she, my diva, vanishes,
curves like steam.

I love noodles. I love noodles.

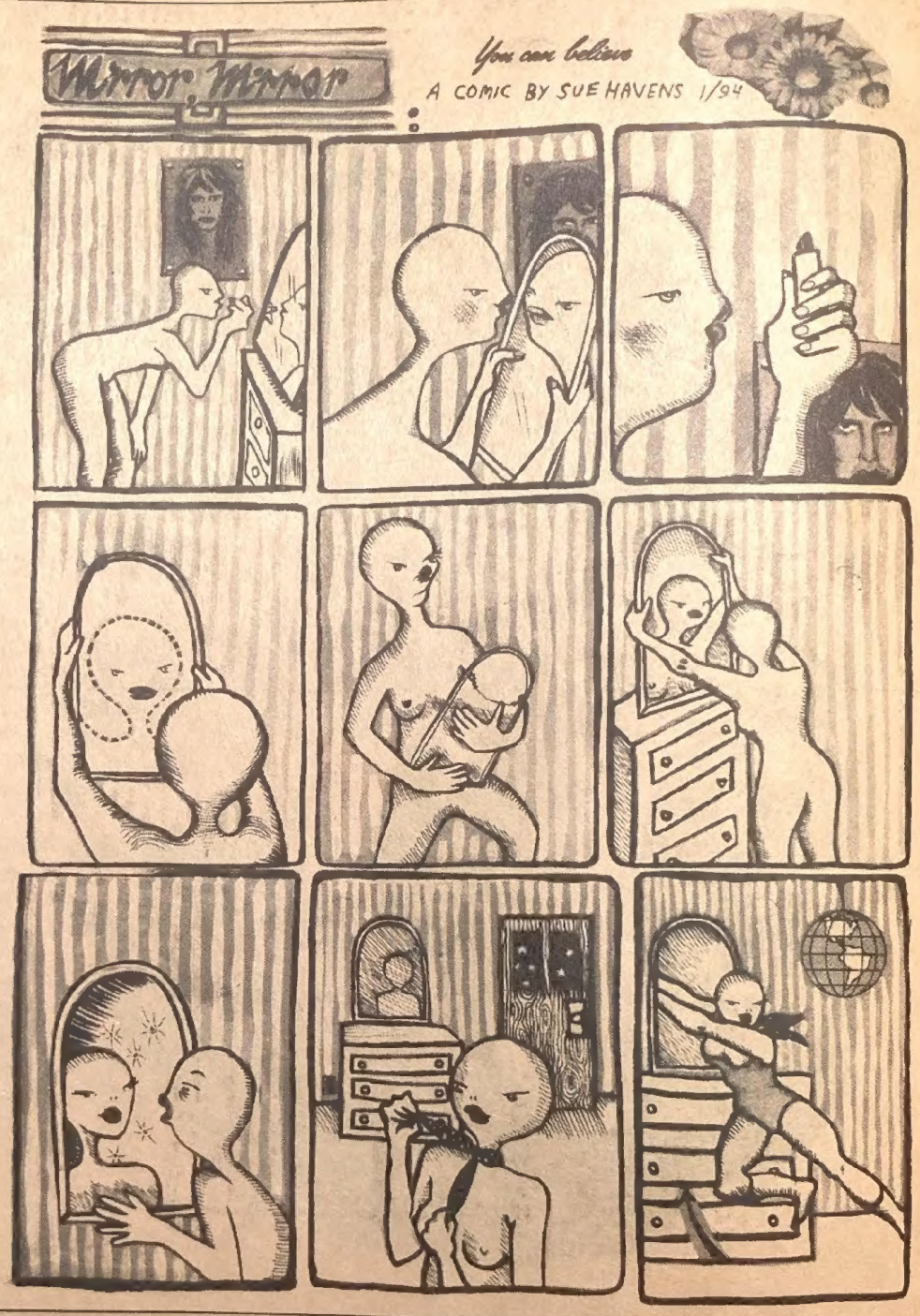
Now know thick
they fuss at me.
There are miles more
to the depth of thin I know.
There are miles more
to the depth of thin to go.
I know I love noodles.

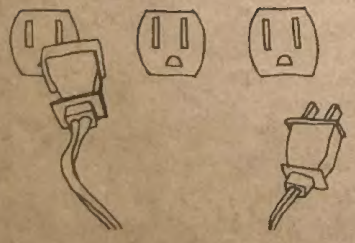
I love noodles. I love noodles,
I like a chance
to practice with chopsticks.

Paper Cups

6 paper cups on the table
First is blue
Second is full
Third half full
Fourth like a second
And sixth is there too.
None of them are mine.

water supply and sewage disposal;





Mirror, Mirror
Sue Havens

Embedded Computers.Software Implementation

An excerpt from a lab report handed in for EE482,

An embedded system, in its final, marketable form, should be as compact as feasible.Complex user interfaces, with fancy computer screen outputs and versatile keyboard inputs, defeat the point of an embedded system. A simple LED-based indication showing the most important information is more practical; sometimes a crude graphical indication can be constructed using the relay card (as I did in the thermistor project). For input, the necessary functions should be operable with presses of one or two buttons, if possible.

However, to satisfy an instructor who seems quite partial to fancy displays, often regardless of context, a colorful interactive interface was designed. It displays the one-byte number sent to the Digital I/O card, the expected voltage output from the D/A conversion circuit with the ideal 2V reference as well as the real 1.26V reference, and the expected speed of the motor. It also displays instructions for the user for changing the output number (thus changing the speed).The user can increase or decrease the output number by 1 by pressing the Up/Down Arrow keys. Pressing Page Up/Down increases or decreases the number by 50.

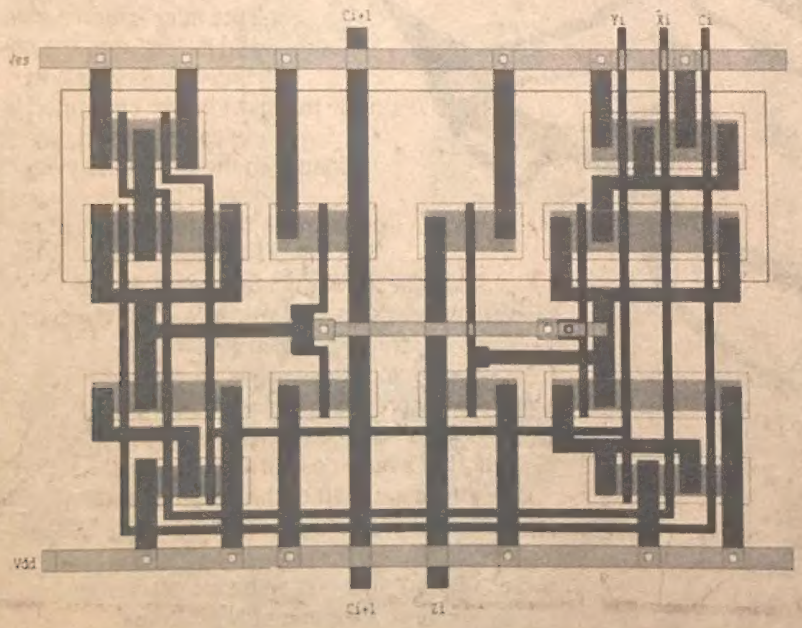
The Home key resets the output number to 0, while the End key sets it at 255. Each of the 12 Function keys sets the number to a preset value, starting at 20 and increasing in intervals of 20 (i.e., F1 sets it to 20, F2 to 40, F12 to 240).

1 It is terrible to talk
like hair burns.
Secret laugh
I never told any-
one can hear
the words
are not mine

2 Feet too small for shoes.
Hungry and not wanting to go
home at all.

Bitter lemon
on a white sheet
in the middle of the lawn

I open my mouth for you.



Embedded...
Yaron Shragai
IC Layout Design
Yaron Shragai

Untitled
Spring Ulmer

Paper Cup #3

There must be something sitting
Within the cup.

The whiteness is brown at
the base
Untouched by the crispness
of the rim.

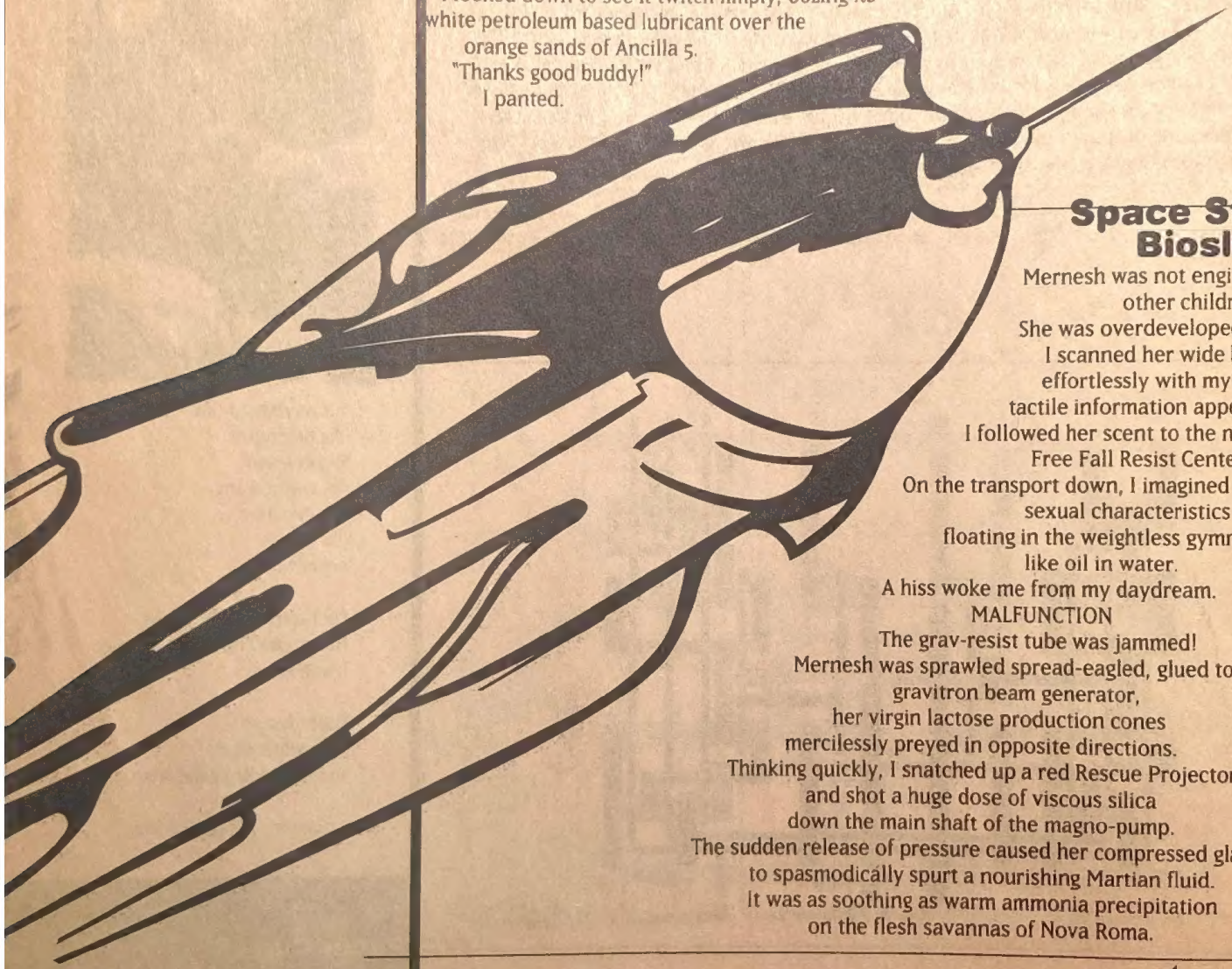
The crispness of the rim shouts
Forward to the violence of
the future.

David Danylewich

fire protection;

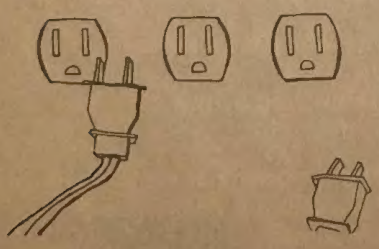
Planet Slave-a-Tron

"Jump," said Black-Z(ed) 67
as a Zimmeran willy clip headed straight for my gravity thong/harness.
The smartweapon hummed as its pleasure circuits kicked into overdrive,
spurring it towards its soft/firm target.
The willy clip's vice-like pincers
quickly engaged my reproductive unit in a paralyzing Zimmerman shaft grab.
With cat-like prowess, belying his feline gene heritage Black-Z(ed) 67 stabbed
his stout unsheathed plasma stiletto into the clip's throbbing vacuum intake.
The shiny clamp gave way with a shudder.
I looked down to see it twitch limply, oozing its
white petroleum based lubricant over the
orange sands of Ancilla 5.
"Thanks good buddy!"
I panted.



Space Station Bioslut

Mernesh was not engineered like the
other children.
She was overdeveloped, and frisky.
I scanned her wide bar code
effortlessly with my glossy
tactile information appendage.
I followed her scent to the now vacant
Free Fall Resist Center.
On the transport down, I imagined her secondary
sexual characteristics
floating in the weightless gymnasium
like oil in water.
A hiss woke me from my daydream.
MALFUNCTION
The grav-resist tube was jammed!
Mernesh was sprawled spread-eagled, glued to the
gravitron beam generator,
her virgin lactose production cones
mercilessly preyed in opposite directions.
Thinking quickly, I snatched up a red Rescue Projector
and shot a huge dose of viscous silica
down the main shaft of the magno-pump.
The sudden release of pressure caused her compressed glands
to spasmodically spurt a nourishing Martian fluid.
It was as soothing as warm ammonia precipitation
on the flesh savannas of Nova Roma.



Planet Slave-a-Tron
Eric Fertman
Space Station Bioslut
Eric Fertman

Rocket, Man!
Matthew Newton
Mike Essl

Pipe Piece
David Danylewich

Paper Cup

White paper cup
Wax clothed now cream colored
Its ruined liquid inhabitant
Peers at me from its
Pure house.

Nadia Kamara - Jarrett

heating, ventilation
and air-conditioning;

"Change the channel," I called toward my brother in the living room.

"It's not eight-o-clock yet, so leave me alone," he answered.

Obviously my vocal power was not intimidating him, so I decided to walk into the room and change the channel myself. I knew that this would upset him, but why should I care? After all I was older than he was by three years, and if he didn't grant me respect I would have to earn it.

"Hey, stop that my show ain't over yet," he complained.

"Shut up you little squirt. You're lucky I'm letting you stay up this late. If mom and dad were home you would've already finished your homework and be tucked in bed," I scolded him.

He mumbled something at me which I pretended to ignore. I didn't care about him anymore, because my favorite show would soon be airing.

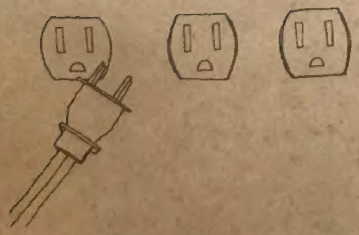
"Voyagers" was the type of show which all boys loved. It was about a man and a boy companion who traveled through time and made sure everything happened the way it was written in our history textbooks. My history teacher even assigned my class to watch the show on several occasions. Later on in life I found out that this was a rather common "formula" used by TV writers. This setup allowed me to tell my parents that I was not entertaining myself but actually learning.

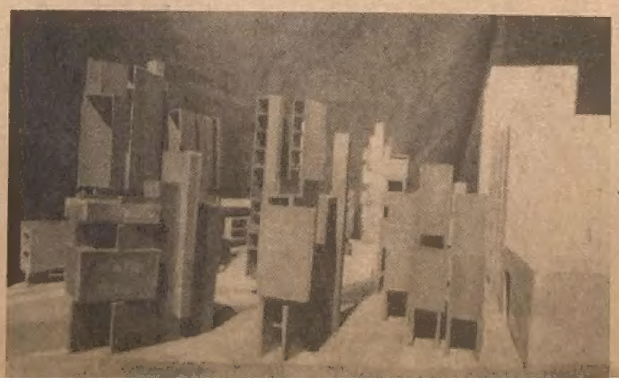
I had previously seen commercials for the upcoming episode of "Voyagers" and knew that the topic would somehow revolve around baseball. Baseball was, without a doubt, my favorite sport. It seemed like everyday of my life dealt with baseball. I would either be playing or watching the sport or "flipping" cards at school; sometimes I would read books about sluggers from the past. Eventually Babe Ruth became my hero. The story about the Babe hitting a home run for a sick boy in a hospital was uplifting.

I stopped daydreaming and started watching the show. The time machine showed the year 1919 on its screen and the location was Chicago. The time travelers were at a White Sox game singing "Take Me Out To The Ballgame" during the seventh inning stretch. Before I could join singing with them the scene shifted to a darkly lit room. Inside men dressed in fashionable suits were discussing something of great importance. I deduced this from the fact that large sums of money were changing hands.

My limited English vocabulary prevented me from fully understanding what these men were talking about. While this annoyed me a timely commercial allowed for some diversions. I went into my room and brought out my baseball card collection. Compared to my friends', my collection was paltry. I had amassed my cards through flipping in school. I would usually borrow five cards from a friend and would try to win at this game. If I won I would return to him his five cards and have five of my own. My science teacher also contributed to my collection. At the end of each week he would raffle off a baseball card. He had some very valuable cards and once I won a Roger Maris card. Although my baseball card set was diminutive by most standards, I didn't care; instead I made sure to know the names of all the players on the 55 cards and to try to remember their statistics.

I peeped into the living room and saw that my show had not resumed. I went into the kitchen, where my brother and I decided to test our culinary skills by making the best dessert possible. We both let our creative genius make us the best banana split possible. This was a delicate process which could not be rushed, so I decided that we bring all the ingredients to the living room so we could watch and eat.





Change the channel,
Shahar Harel

To Heaven
Sarah Rianhard

4th Year Architecture
Mike Samuelian
Mark Kolodziejczak

The commercials ended and "Voyagers" was back on. This time the scene was in a restaurant. People were eating sumptuous dinners and everybody seemed to talk about the White Sox. Now I could see my two time travelling heroes again. Willie, the older character of the show, was eating and talking to John, his little cohort.

"You see, John, the World Series is coming up in a few days and all these people are excited because the Sox are favored to win," Willie explained.

"Yeah, I get it," said John who preferred eating to talking.

"Baseball has been the American pastime for many years. It's a great game but its not impervious to pernicious influences," warned Willie.

I couldn't figure out what he was talking about. What did all those big words mean? I, like John the TV character, didn't care; I had my dessert to eat.

"Yep, the Sox are favored to win; and a lot of people are betting this year," added Willie.

Now I began to understand what he was talking about; betting. In the past I myself would've bet money on my favorite team, the Mets, but I stopped before becoming bankrupt.

The scene then shifted toward the playing field where the White Sox were playing another game. People in the stands were talking about betting against the White Sox. They said that they could make more money if this Chicago team would lose. They designed a scheme to pay White Sox players to lose. This made me laugh. I wondered how stupid were these people. Didn't they know that ball players couldn't be bought off. In spite of this ludicrous plot twist I continued to watch. I sensed that something critical would happen.

A few scenes later in the show some players actually accepted the money. I stopped eating my banana split, because I knew that this was a serious situation. I was relieved by the fact that the White Sox still didn't lose the series and had a chance to win. But my wish was not realized; the Sox eventually lost the series.

I continued to watch the show but my focus was drifting. I was trying to remember something. Perhaps it was something I read, or heard; something I wished to forget...

I decided to continue to watch the show. I thought that perhaps the writers were experimenting with a fictional episode. I tried to convince myself that it was all a joke.

A trial followed and a judge found the players guilty. I remembered seeing a newspaper with the title "Black Sox Scandal." I'm not sure if the newspaper was actually on TV or if the image just flashed into my mind.

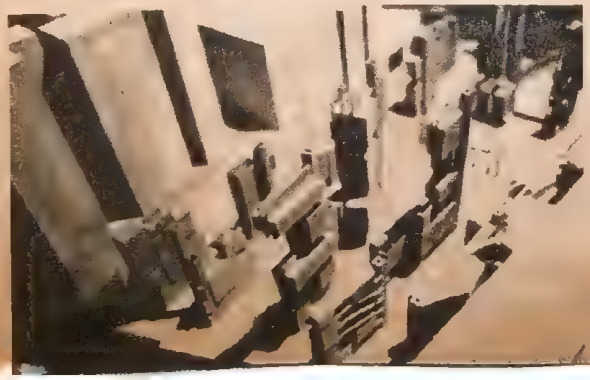
At this point I couldn't bear it any longer. I took my cards and bolted to my room. I didn't want to watch the TV show anymore. I slammed the door closed and threw the cards down on the floor.

For some reason I knew that the show was true. I couldn't remember where I had heard about. Perhaps it was the term "Black Sox Scandal," since it seemed to ring a bell in my head. Maybe it was some book I read. Whatever the original source was, I had ignored it, pretended that it was phony, but now this TV show confirmed what I once suspected. This time I had to accept the truth.

I started to cry, and once I did the tears didn't stop pouring. The floodgates had been opened. I started ripping up my cards, putting all my anger into each motion. I paused for a second before tearing up my Roger Maris card, but the verdict had been delivered; he, as well as all of baseball, were guilty. Guilty! I was never going to let any of them forget that.

Untitled
Sally Mikail

4th Year Architecture
Mike Samuelian
Mark Kolodziejczak



This Paper Cup

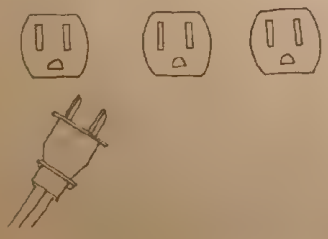
What is this and that?
Half full
Half empty
All white
All full or all empty
Slurp!
All gone

Abe Jasinowski

passive and active energy conservation systems.

Flat belly,
lips to lick?
Ulalume,
a lullaby lingo.

Time slips in temporary memory's shifts pass in mind.



Beauty Shop
Kora Leah Manheimer
Esther
Kora Leah Manheimer

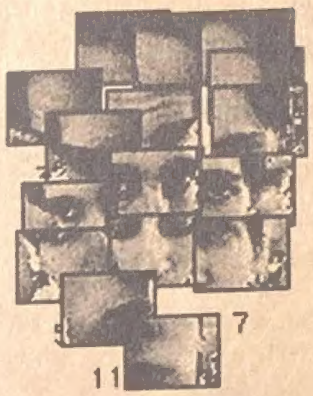
Flat belly...
Andrew Schauer

Time slips...
Andrew Schauer

From Kevin Slavin's **"Where is Eli Wiesel?"**
An ongoing screenplay generated real-time by the members of America On-Line.

Scene I

OnlineHost Remember, your comments are seen only by other members of your row.
GTAF Hi
EnSkye Where am I?
Question Bobbi I've never seen your ads. Where do you advertise? Do you advertise?
ELLEMag We don't do some advertising...
AvRivel where is eli weisel ?
ELLEMag we've done some small ads in Allure.
Question I like to wear makeup that stands out; I think makeup doesn't have to be invisible!
What shocking shades of makeup could you suggest for a blond/blue-eyed 14 year old?
ELLEMag You can bright as in red...
or deep as in blackberry...or chocolate...
Playdohnyc Is this Elle Weisel?
ELLEMag but remember it's important to see you, not you're makeup.
Question WHICH STAR IS YOUR FAVORITE TO WORK WITH?
ELLEMag Rosie O'Donnell definately the funniest...
Question I've heard pastels are the "in" shaded of lipsticks for spring. What shades and brands of lipstick can I buy for a cheap price?
ELLEMag Soft pastel colors worn on your cheeks and your lips...
look great this spring...soft pink is particularly unless if your skin is dark, go for a deeper pink because pastel looks too 60s
Sethwood Why is Elie Weisel talking about make up?
ELLEMag and definately wear lip gloss. I make a great white that's very unique.
Insane Mom On the board, it says he's in the Odeon.
Question Where can I find your line of cosmetics? Are they sold at dept. stores, drug stores, etc.?
Sethwood It does indeed.
LongPlayGA Is this where Bobbi Brown is?
MinaMurry BTW, this is Bobbi Brown - a make-up artist - doing the answering.
Sethwood Maybe it's really Elie pretending to be bobbi.
ELLEMag Our products are sold nationally at Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue...
MinaMurry Insane Mom Go to the Chat rooms for the regular Odeon...
ELLEMag Bergdorf Goodman. To order the catalog, call 212-980-3232.
OnlineHost For those who have just joined us, ELLE Online would like to welcome everyone to tonight's conference with renowned professional makeup artist, Bobbi Brown. Please remember, we cannot see your remarks on stage, so we encourage you to SEND YOUR QUESTIONS AND COMMENTS USING THE INTERACT ICON.



Untitled

Paper Cup,
probably waxed,
harboring coffee
stains on the rolled lip

It sits flat
in the middle of the table.
If it slid,
the sound
would give away its sharp hollow
bottom.

Ryan Johnson

Where is Eli Wiesel ?
Kevin Slavin

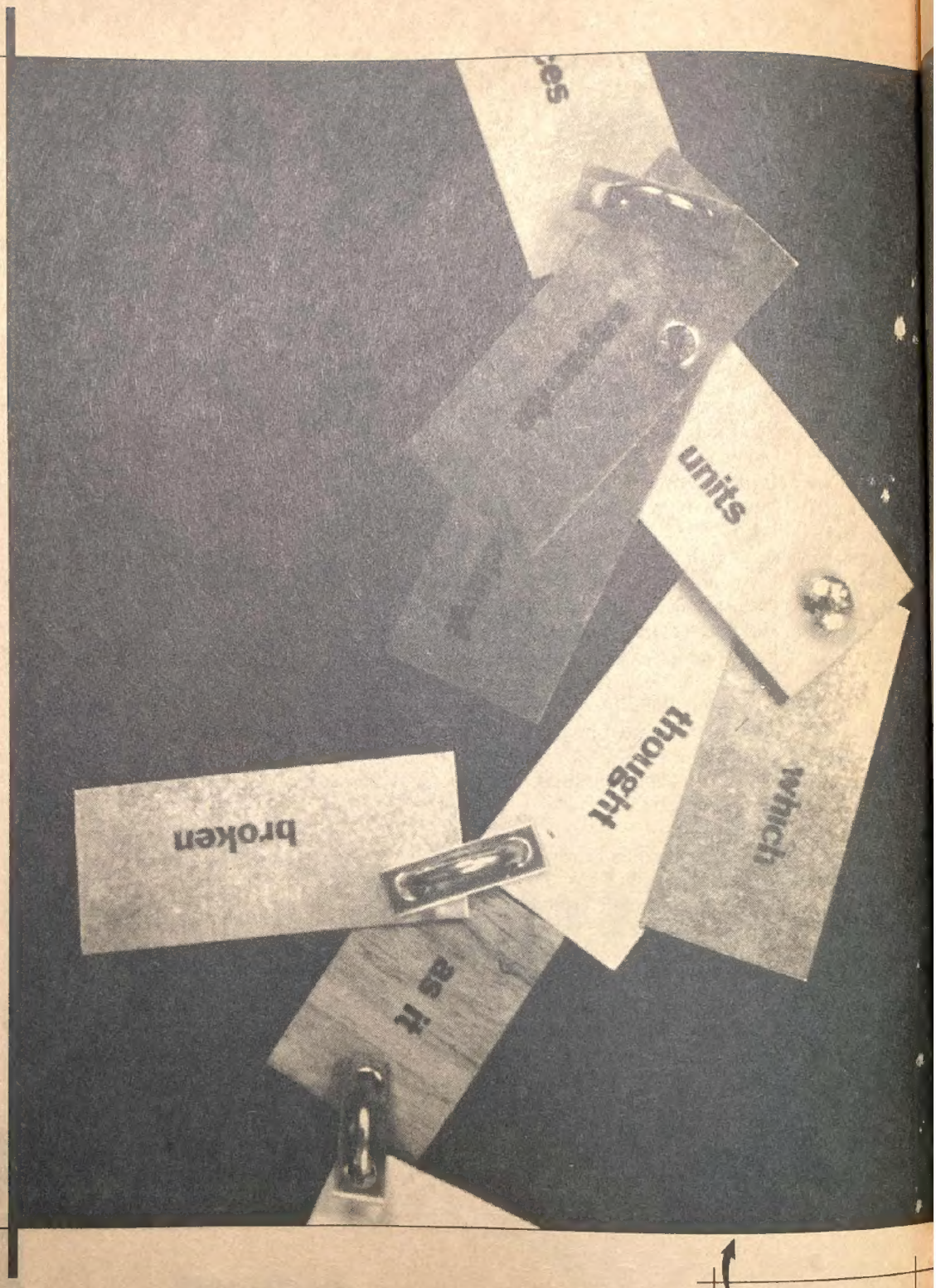
'omage to 'ockney
Matthew Newton

2 credits

The Poem for Split Peas

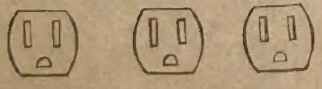
Yellow Semispherical creatures
Floating to and fro'
In my plate, in their own juice.

Strangled with no brutality,
Stripped with no desire
for killing
They are nothing but suns
Ready to be eaten.

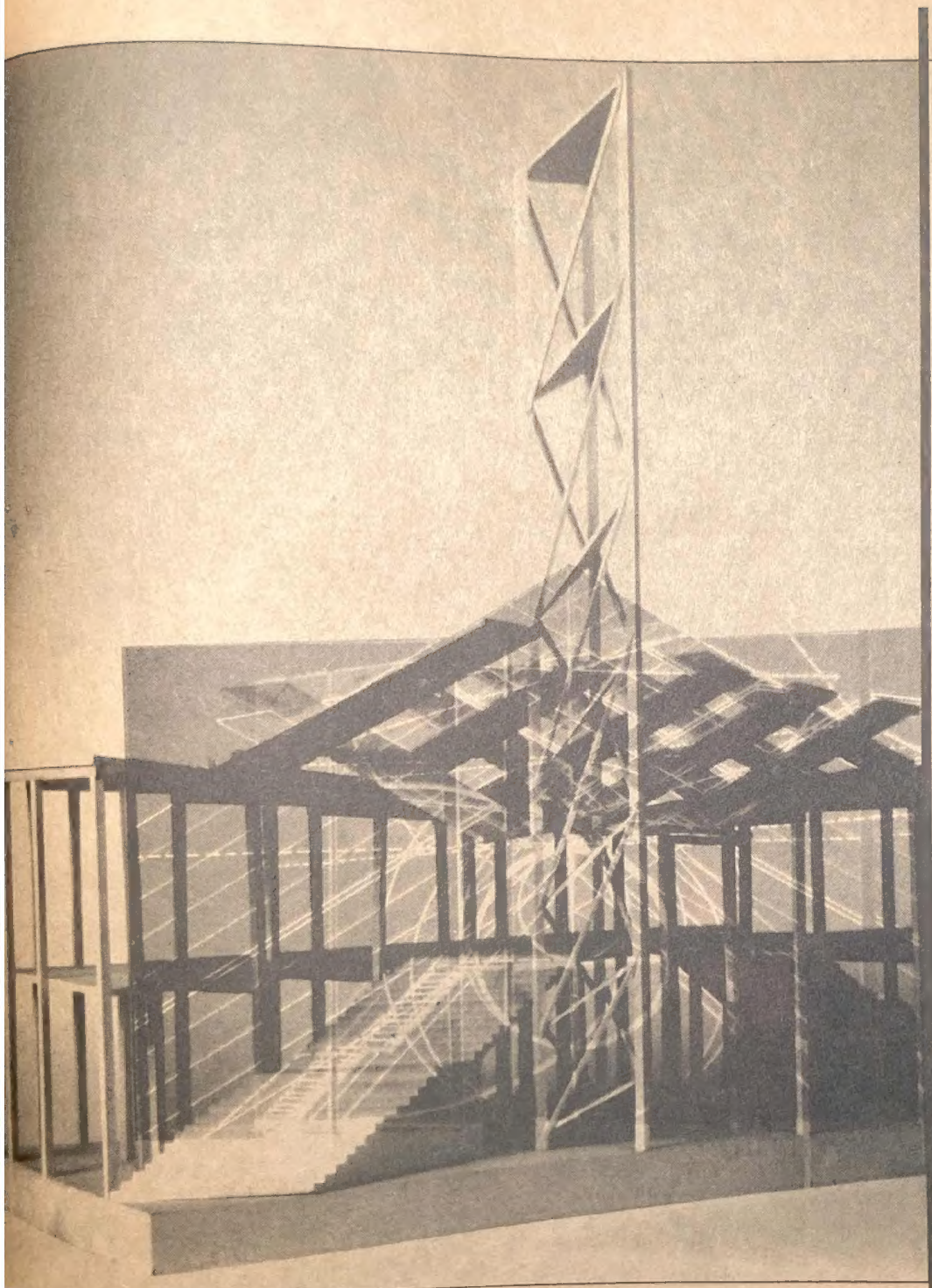


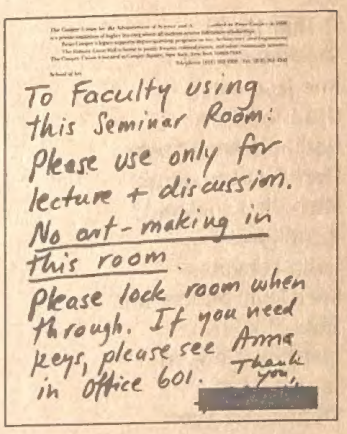
C+
Stephanie Reyer

The Poem for Split Peas
Irene Bodonenko



LETTOR





To Faculty using this Seminar Room:
Please use only for lecture + discussion.
No art-making in this room.
Please lock room when through. If you need keys, please see Anna in Office 601. Thank you,
[redacted]

Mental Konstruct No.3
Chaz

6th Floor Memo
Unamed Art Faculty

Untitled

This plastic cup
With a broken ring around
the collar,
-brownish yellow-
where your lips have sipped
the nectar of the morning
-for people like us,
who need this white, plastic cup
to carry them through the day-

This plastic cup
half full
and almost empty,
sits on this black, plastic surface
silently conversing
with all the other
white, plastic cups.

Lavinia Pana

Jello is...
Vicken Arslanian
Laura Ashby
Fani Budic
Irene Bodonenko
Chaz
David Danylewich
Mike Essl
Eric Fertman
GSE
Shahar Harel
Sue Havens
Abe Jasinowski
Ryan Johnson
Nadia Kamara-Jarret
Mark Kolodziejczak
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Kevin Slavin
Spring Ulmer

Wall Street Rally, 1995
Matthew B. Richmond
JFK, 1994
Matthew B. Richmond